

## The St. Johns Herald.

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Henry Reed, Editor and Proprietor.

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St. Johns, Thursday, June 4.

"Turn the rascals out." If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well if 'twere done quickly." Mr. Cleveland is moving powerfully slow in the matter of rewards and punishments. We are almost ready to think the sword of Democracy has been made of something softer than Damascus steel. We remember before democracy had a grey hair in its head, when its cheek was flushed with the crimson tide of patriotic manhood and healthy national fervor; when it was used to driving the car of state and holding in rigid line the reins of government; when the grand old anti-bellum party was known as the watch dog of the treasury and where they never uttered the name of their opponents—the Wigs—without an inodorous prefix; when they carried upon their banners the legend "the best government is that which governs least," and its crowning glory was blazoned from every platform, and the text of every stump speaker "Let the office seek the man and not the man the office." These were the sentiments of the manhood of democracy under which it grew strong and kept its hold upon the people while it maintained its integrity to its principles. At the zenith of its power it began to govern most and strike for the loaves and fishes, then did the people set it and its faults aside for a whole generation, restoring it only to power and influence when its successors could best "step down and out."

In good old Democratic days the offices would all have found their men in less than three months. Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet officers have now had that length of time and the offices are crying aloud to him for companionship—on democratic theories. Let the work of suspension go on 'till everything worth drying out is floating in the political breeze. Suspension, to use a New York City vulgarism, is a "gallus" expression and is particularly applicable to the present situation. In times when DeWitt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, Aaron Vanderpool, Erastus Corning and men of their power and influence in the state at large, and Mangle M. Quackenboss, Robt. H. Morris, Sam and Elijah F. Purdy, W. C. Bryant, William Leggett, the Kellingers with Capt. Rynders, the Ostranders and the Democratic hosts, manned the old ship Constitution, there was discipline in every department and at the end of the voyage or the close of the engagement the prize-money was fairly distributed. Mr. Cleveland can learn from the history of the successful days of democracy; from the best men of his own state and party a lesson that will be of lasting benefit to him and his administration. Let us have this administration fairly tried from the beginning, that there may be no excuse at the end of the present term such as "there has not been time to perfect the reforms and the like." If reforms are needed they are needed now, and the dominant party is entitled to it.

"Turn the rascals out," was the cry and issue of the campaign, the mugwumps of New York did it and they knew that when the offices sought the men there would be but little trouble to find them. The office of Governor of the Territory of New Mexico sought E. G. Ross and the President obedient to the ancient political integrity made the appointment. Now the office of Governor of Arizona is crying for

John G. Campbell, of Prescott, if he will continue faithful, John G. will be commissioned as soon as the offensive partizan shall resign or be hung. Hurry up Mr. Cleveland, take this fact with every pinch of snuff, "he that is not for you is against you," and you may wager the chances of a second term on it.

For any reliable or intelligent information concerning the past deeds, the present conduct and future purposes of the wild men, now reported as running about the San Mateo mountains, and in the region thereof, one must wait until a new set of reporters take the field, or until the proverbial day of Judgment shall truthfully state all things without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Referring to the telegrams from or near the reported fields, we read that the savages have spread desolation everywhere, that the dead are lying all around, and the dying are filling the air with weeping and woe; that the settlers are entirely unprotected; that there are no arms; no ammunition, absolutely nothing in the country 'round for the protection of the innocent or the punishment of the guilty. One entire family is known to be exterminated by the insatiable fiends; their bodies perforated with bullet holes, and the evidence of a fierce struggle for life painfully apparent. Then upon these positive averments in particularizing the ghastly horrors of the situation will follow the only positive item of the message, "no reliable particulars." The following day the attractive headlines will appear and the SAVAGE HORDE will agitate the earnest seeker after the very latest news. The public are regaled with—Hot pursuit! Not over nine hours behind. Three more companies ordered out. Five more bodies horribly mutilated. The butchery of the Kelley family contradicted. "A company of six men well armed and equipped under Colonel Blake and Sheriff Russell left here this morning to intercept the Indians." "Rah for Col. Blake and Sheriff Russell and the six braves who are going to do the John Minor Botts act, 'Head 'em or die.' From Deming comes the terrible news that sixty citizens have been killed since the outbreak, following by way of accounting for this slaughter, that "Officers are being arrested for cowardice, Indians are heading for the Black Range Indians are in full flight for Mexico, Indians are everywhere—at Hardy, at Winslow, at Coolidge, at Fort Bayard—they are strewn their route with misery. Military companies are in pursuit, No Indians killed, Horrid savages, More volunteers, Scouts in full chase disburdened of everything but breech clouts and bullets. "Bravo delegate Joseph—'Well done thou good and faithful servant.' The Secretary of War has declared that no quarter would be shown the Indians—that was a big thing for you to do; a most successful piece of business in Washington.

Up to the last telegram, we have not heard of any one crying for quarter but the poor white settlers or the lone prospector. There is a little story about Mrs. Glass' cook book which is applicable to the Secretary's instructions to "show no quarter to Indians," the pith of which is "first catch your Indian."

We don't know much about Indians, we are not fighting them and we do not know of any body else that is. The fool reporters that rush to the wires with every item without one particle of confirmation, ought to be handed over to Nana, Geronimo or the Boss in Hades. We have no doubt that much of the killing is done to satisfy the periodical craving of the wild man for blood. The subject has been fully understood for fifty or a hundred years by our government. Wars have been made upon them by the white man, and they have made war upon each other 'till there are not enough Indians left to do killing worthy the name of war. The representatives of the nation are slow to understand this

state of things, and when, to gratify his wild desire, the Indian seeks for the crimson bath to have his fevered frame, negotiations and compromises, patronage and reservations for their comfort are provided instead of the gallows and the halter as punishment for their murderous acts. The Indian of to-day, whether Apache or Navajo, whether on the reservations in the territories or in pueblos, fairly understand the situation. Punish the crime by hanging the guilty; cease to treat with them as a race or distinct people. If they commit murder send the Sheriff's posse after them, and when caught, try them the same as if they were white folks. Keep up the military establishments for Fourth of July celebrations, G. A. R. reunions and May decorations, their brilliant uniforms on the hot trail is too precious for any good. Military manual and West Point exactness are all right when it meets warriors of the same school, but acting as a national policeman after culprits of the order of the Indian murderer its a blasted failure.

AND now we have passed from darkness into light. On Monday last the following named gentlemen, all capitalists and honorable, all men of enterprise, all titled as all Americans are, sovereigns by nature of their birthright, passed over the Atlantic & Pacific railway, escorted by those two eminent citizens of Arizona, N. O. Murphy, Esq. and the Hon. F. K. Ainsworth, whose courteous attentions were highly appreciated by the sovereign charge, or, we should say deserved to be. The gentlemen referred to were representatives of Ohio and Minnesota, and were severally named: Major C. M. Wilson, George A. Hamilton, Mark Paine, J. T. Sadley, Col. J. W. Andrews, J. M. Evans, Hon. W. A. Kindred. The destination of these gentlemen was Chino, and the object was to have a personal examination and inspection of the line of the Arizona Central rail road from Chino to Prescott, on which they would at once commence operations in the construction thereof. Heretofore we have been groping in darkness; all manner of things have been said concerning this fifty mile road of iron that would cement us with our beautiful capitol, and we have listened to the sweet notes of our charmer only to be hoodwinked and clouded with disappointments. The game is made this time, and the roll is in progress; Apache, Yavapai, Mohave and Yuma will rejoice with that joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. No more will their sons who may be sent in the future to legislate for all the people be compelled to suffer the slings and butts of Concord coaches over mal-pais or corduroy roads that leads to Arizona's Rome; not again will they be tempted, when the Jehu swings his long lash over the six fiery bays, and the rolling thoroughbrace bounding over a ton boulder sends them headlong against the deck, to yield to impulses blasphemous, or long for death. The road will be built; the rough paths of peevish nature will be smooth as well as thorough road. Instead of the old stage coach filled with its wraps and discontented passengers, we shall have the palace car gliding like a roller skate on a polished floor, velveted and warmed, and in each travelers breast there will be a little heaven. If this is all chin-oh we'll take to the woods.

SILVER CITY, May 30.—The bodies of Col. Phillips' family, murdered by the Apaches, have been brought in, all horribly mutilated. The daughter had been hung up alive by a meat hook stuck in the back of the head. Mrs. Phillips' eyes were gouged out, ears and breast cut off, and her body otherwise badly mangled. The citizens are frantic that such outrages are to be perpetrated without a check.

And not an Indian killed; not one taken into custody; not one but is ready to do it again. The Indian, that has been the recipient of clothing and food for years; that has cost the government the expense of keeping up a depart-

ment at tremendous cost of money and disgrace, that would not burn with a desire to meet out vengeance, and go out and take the initiative in arresting the murderers of the Phillips family, does not deserve to be called a peaceable or goodly Indian; not one of them who thus stands aloof and sees or knows the horrid, soul-sickening crimes of which their people are guilty, without raising a voice or an arm to prevent the criminals from continuing their devilish work, but are equally guilty with those in active participation. On the reservation they have everything in readiness, they have plenty of horses adapted to the service, they can provision themselves, and they have all the knowledge of the trail; they can and should be made responsible for the acts of their people. Now is the time to make the so-called good Apaches responsible for the acts of their people; every able bodied Apache Indian should be placed in the field at once, with orders not to return to the reservation without the villainous gang or their scalps. Our military system of camping within seven miles of a pass where the murderers were known to be, to put it gently, proves the necessity for LONGER GUNS or less kitchen work.

B. F. ARMSTRONG in a communication of interminable length to the editor of the Albuquerque Journal, dated at Engle, May 31, one column of which the editor found room for, makes a terrible trade against the commanding officer of a company of the Fourth Cavalry for cowardice, etc. Now perhaps Mr. Armstrong has been in the service of the U. S. Army, and has been in the habit of taking orders from every Mr. Fest he met on the road. If that is the case it will fully account for his now being out of the service. This Indian raid and Indian diabolism has been fruitful of lies. See Mr. Bennett's telegram from Silver City:

SILVER CITY, N. M., June 1.—The telegram of May 30 in regard to the Colonel Phillips and family massacre, published in the Journal, is a falsehood made from whole cloth. C. BENNETT.

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Carrying Passengers, Express, and the United States Mail, between Springerville and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

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Over 100 pounds, 3 cents per pound.  
Under 100 pounds, 5 cents per pound.  
No package carried for less than 25 cents.

#### TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.	STATION.	GOING NORTH.
6:00 P. M.	St. Johns	6:45 A. M.
6:00 A. M. & 8:15 P. M.	St. Johns	6:45 P. M. & 8:15 A. M.
7:30 A. M. & 9:15 P. M.	Springerville	7:30 P. M. & 9:15 A. M.

\*Except Saturdays.  
†Except Sundays.

Principle office St. Johns, Arizona.  
Branch offices and local agents at Springerville and Navajo.

W. W. WALL,  
Manager.

A. GONZALES,  
Proprietor.



### Financial.

#### NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF APACHE COUNTY WARRANTS.

Notice is hereby given to all persons holding Apache County warrants, which were issued prior to January 1st, 1885, to present the same to the County Treasurer, of said County of Apache, at his office in Saint Johns, for registration and examination on or before the 25th, day of June 1885. The payment of all warrants, not presented and registered as above, will be refused.

By order of the Board of Supervisors, dated April 13th, 1885.  
HENRY HENING,  
Chairman.

T. S. BUSH,  
Clerk.

WALTER J. HILL.

F. W. MIDDLETON.

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We offer a place, to those so inclined, to spend a pleasant evening. Come drink and be merry.

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Proprietor, Albuquerque, N. M.